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CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK ONE

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THE RETURN OF THE SPRING

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK ONE

BY

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

FORMERLY A TEACHER IN THE INDIANAPOLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
CLARA E. ATWOOD

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
Boston : 4 Park Street ; New York : 85 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 378–388 Wabash Avenue
The Riverside Press Cambridge

1911

T65.5729
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FOREWORD

THIS series of books aims to serve three distinct purposes: first, to arouse a greater interest in oral reading; second, to develop an expressive voice — sadly lacking in the speech of most Americans; and third, to give freedom and grace in the bodily attitudes and movements which are involved in reading and speaking. The stories given are for the most part adaptations of favorite tales from the folklore of many countries, from historical tradition, and from standard literature.

Children are dramatic by nature. They *are* for the time the kings, the fairies, and the heroes that they picture in their imaginations. They *are* these characters with such abandon and with such intense pleasure that the on-looker must believe that nature intended that they should give play to this dramatic instinct, not so much formally, with all the trappings of the man-made stage, but spontaneously and naturally, as they talk

and read. If this expressive instinct can be utilized in the teaching of reading, we shall be able both to add greatly to the child's enjoyment and to improve the quality of his oral reading. In these days, when so many books are hastily read in school, there is a tendency to sacrifice expression to the mechanics and interpretation of reading. Those acquainted with school work know too well the resulting monotonous, indistinct speech, and the self-conscious, listless attitude which characterize so much of the reading of pupils in grades above the third. It is believed that these readers will aid in overcoming these serious faults in reading, which all teachers and parents deplore. The dramatic appeal of the stories will cause the child to lose himself in the character he is impersonating and read with a naturalness and expressiveness unknown to him before, and this improvement will be evident in all his oral reading, and even in his speech.

The use of the books permits the whole range of expression, from merely reading the

stories effectively, to "acting them out" with as little, or as much, stage-setting or costuming as a parent or teacher may desire. The stories are especially designed to be read as a part of the regular reading work. Many different plans for using the books will suggest themselves to the teacher. After a preliminary reading of a story during the study period, the teacher may assign different parts to various children, she herself reading the stage directions and the other brief descriptions inclosed in brackets. The italicized explanations in parentheses are not intended to be read aloud; they will aid in giving the child the cue as to the way the part should be rendered. After the story has been read in this way, if thought advisable it can be played informally and simply, with no attempt at costuming or theatric effects. It will often add to the interest of the play to have some of the children represent certain of the inanimate objects of the scene, as the forest, the town gate, a door, etc. Occasionally, for the "open day," or as a special

exercise, a favorite play may be given by the children with the simplest kind of costuming and stage-setting. These can well be made in the school as a part of the manual training and sewing work. In giving the play, it will generally be better not to have pupils memorize the exact words of the book, but to depend upon the impromptu rendering of their parts. This method will contribute more largely to the training in English.

The best results will usually be obtained by using this book in the second grade. In some schools, however, it may profitably be used in the first grade.

A. S.

CONTENTS

THE TWO HOLES 1
Based on a German story.

THE LITTLE FISH 3
Suggested by Æsop's The Angler and the Little Fish.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE 5
Based on Æsop's The Hare and the Tortoise.

HOW A PRINCE WAS SAVED 7
Based on a tradition of Mohammed.

A PIECE OF CHEESE 10
Suggested by Æsop's The Cats and the Monkey.

IN BAD COMPANY 14
Suggested by Æsop's The Husbandman and the Stork.

THE SICK DEER 18
Suggested by Æsop's The Sick Stag.

THE GOLDEN BUCKET 22
Based on a German story.

THE SPARROWS IN THE HAT 26
Based on a German story.

THE HOUSE OF BRICK 30
Based on the old English tale of The Three Little Pigs.

THE CAT THAT WAITED 34
Based on a German story.

THE HONEST WOODMAN 39
Suggested by Æsop's Mercury and the Woodman.

THE TRACKS TO THE DEN 44
Suggested by Æsop's The Sick Lion.

THE MOON'S SILVER CLOAK 49
Suggested by Æsop's The Moon and Her Mother.

THE CLEVER COCK 55
Suggested by Æsop's The Dog, the Cock, and the Fox.

THE KING'S GOOD FRIEND 60
Based on the Bidpai Fable of The King, the Falcon, and the Cup.

AN INDIAN BOY'S PET 64
Based on an Indian Legend.

THE FAIRY AND THE CAT 69
Suggested by Æsop's Venus and the Cat.

THE LARK'S NEST 74
Suggested by a German story.

THE BEAUTIFUL SONG. 79
Suggested by a German story.

THE MILL THAT GROUND HOT PORRIDGE . . . 86
Suggested by Grimm's The Porridge Mill.

THE TORN DRESSES 94
Based on a true incident.

THE CHRISTMAS PITCHER. 101
Suggested by Hawthorne's The Miraculous Pitcher.

THE RETURN OF THE SPRING 109
Suggested by Browning's The Pied Piper.

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE RETURN OF THE SPRING (See page 116) *Frontispiece*
THE TWO HOLES 2
THE LITTLE FISH 4
HOW A PRINCE WAS SAVED 9
A PIECE OF CHEESE 11
IN BAD COMPANY 15
THE SICK DEER 19
THE GOLDEN BUCKET 23
"YOU MUST GO TO SCHOOL, HANS" 29
THE HOUSE OF BRICK 31
THE CAT THAT WAITED 35
"IS THIS YOUR AX, WOODMAN?" 41
THE TRACKS TO THE DEN 48
"GOOD MORNING, GOOD COCK!" 57
THE KING'S GOOD FRIEND 62
AN INDIAN BOY'S PET 67
"AHA! I'LL GET THAT MOUSE!" 73
THE LARK'S NEST 77
THE BEAUTIFUL SONG 80
THE MILL THAT GROUND HOT PORRIDGE . . . 89
"TOO NEAR BUSHES! COME OUT! COME OUT!" 97
THE CHRISTMAS PITCHER 107

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK ONE

THE TWO HOLES

TIME: *one afternoon.*
PLACE: *the Old Lady's house.*

THE OLD LADY.
HER FRIEND.

[*The* OLD LADY *and her* FRIEND *are having a cup of tea.*] *

FRIEND. I see two holes in that door.

OLD LADY. Yes, yes, two holes.

FRIEND. Why are there two holes?

OLD LADY. I have two cats.

FRIEND. Are the holes for your cats?

OLD LADY. Yes. The cats come and go through the holes.

FRIEND. Why is one hole so large? Why is the other so small?

* The explanations in *brackets* may be read aloud by the teacher.

OLD LADY. One cat is large. The other is a kitten.

FRIEND. Is not one hole enough?

OLD LADY. Oh no! The large cat cannot get through the small hole.

FRIEND. No, but the small cat can get through the large hole.

OLD LADY. Why, I had not thought of that! It is true! It is quite true! Ha, ha, ha!

FRIEND. Ha, ha, ha!

OLD LADY *and* FRIEND. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

THE LITTLE FISH

TIME: *early one morning.*
PLACE: *a river shore.*

THE FISHERMAN.
THE FISH.

[*The* FISHERMAN *throws his net into the river. Soon he draws it out and finds a fish in it.*]

FISHERMAN. Well, well, only one little fish!

FISH. Please let me go, sir! I am so small!

FISHERMAN. Yes, you are small, but I can eat you.

FISH. I am too small to eat. Wait till I am larger, sir.

FISHERMAN. You would make a larger dinner then.

FISH. Oh, yes! You could ask your friends to eat.

FISHERMAN. That is true.

FISH. You could have your cousins, too.

FISHERMAN. That is true.

FISH. Your uncles would be glad to come.

FISHERMAN. Very true.

FISH. And your aunts, perhaps.

FISHERMAN. Perhaps.

FISH. Your seven sisters all like fish.

FISHERMAN. Yes, I could ask them all.

FISH. So throw me back into the pond. When I am large, you may catch me again.

FISHERMAN. Yes, if I can. No, no, little fish! I have you, and I will keep you. A fish in my net is worth two in the pond.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

TIME: *a warm afternoon.*
PLACE: *a meadow.*

TORTOISE.
HARE.
BIRDS.

[*The* HARE *walks in slowly, and sits under a tree. The* BIRDS *are singing above him.*]

HARE. It is too warm! Sing me to sleep, birds. Please sing me to sleep.

BIRDS. Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!

[*The* TORTOISE *creeps in.*]

HARE. Where are you going, tortoise?

TORTOISE. I am out for a walk, sir.

HARE. Why do you not go out for a run?

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha!

HARE. How would you like to race with me?

TORTOISE. I will race with you, sir.

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

HARE. We will race to that field over there. Come now. Are you ready?

TORTOISE. I am. Please count for us, birdies.

BIRDS. One — two — three — Go!

[*The Hare runs. The Tortoise creeps. The Hare soon reaches a tree and stops.*]

HARE. It is so warm! I will take a little nap here. I can easily get to the field first.

[*He sits, and is soon asleep. Soon the Tortoise creeps by him. The Tortoise creeps on and on. The Birds follow quietly. The Tortoise reaches the field.*]

TORTOISE. I am at the field! I am at the field!

BIRDS. Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet, tweet!

[*The Hare wakes and jumps up.*]

TORTOISE. I have won the race, friend hare!

HARE. Well — well — well!

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

HOW A PRINCE WAS SAVED

TIME: *long ago; one morning.*
PLACE: *Arabia.*

THE PRINCE. SECOND SOLDIER.
HIS FRIEND. THIRD SOLDIER.
FIRST SOLDIER. FOURTH SOLDIER.
OTHER SOLDIERS.

[*The* PRINCE *and his* FRIEND *enter, running.*]

PRINCE. Do our enemies follow still? Look, man, look!

FRIEND. They are very near, O Prince! We must hide at once!

PRINCE. Yes, we must hide.

FRIEND. Here is a cave. Come, Master, quick!

[*They start to enter the cave.*]

PRINCE. Stop!

FRIEND. We dare not stop! Our enemies are too near us! Come!

PRINCE. Stop, I say! Do you see that spider web?

FRIEND. Yes — I will brush it away.

PRINCE. No, no! Do not touch it! The spider worked hard to make that web. Come, we will creep under it.

[*They creep under the web into the cave. Soon the* SOLDIERS *enter, running.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. They came this way!

SECOND SOLDIER. Where can they be?

THIRD SOLDIER. They may have found a place to hide.

ALL SOLDIERS. Yes! Yes!

FOURTH SOLDIER. There is a cave! They must be in there!

ALL SOLDIERS. Yes! Yes!

[*They run to the cave and are about to enter.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. Stop! It is of no use to enter that cave!

SECOND SOLDIER. No use? What do you mean?

FIRST SOLDIER. Do you see that spider web? Could it be there if any one had entered?

THIRD SOLDIER. Why — no!

ALL SOLDIERS. No! No!

FIRST SOLDIER. They have gone on. Come! We must follow.

ALL SOLDIERS. We must follow! We must follow!

[*They go, running.*]

A PIECE OF CHEESE

TIME: *yesterday.*
PLACE: *a kitchen.*

WHITE CAT.
BLACK CAT.
MONKEY.

[*The two* CATS *find a piece of cheese at exactly the same time. The* MONKEY *sees them from his seat in the window.*]

WHITE CAT. Aha! See what I have found!

BLACK CAT. You! I found that cheese, sir!

WHITE CAT. I saw it first!

BLACK CAT. Oh, no! I saw it first!

WHITE CAT. I spoke first!

BLACK CAT. Well, some one had to speak first.

WHITE CAT. The cheese is mine, sir!

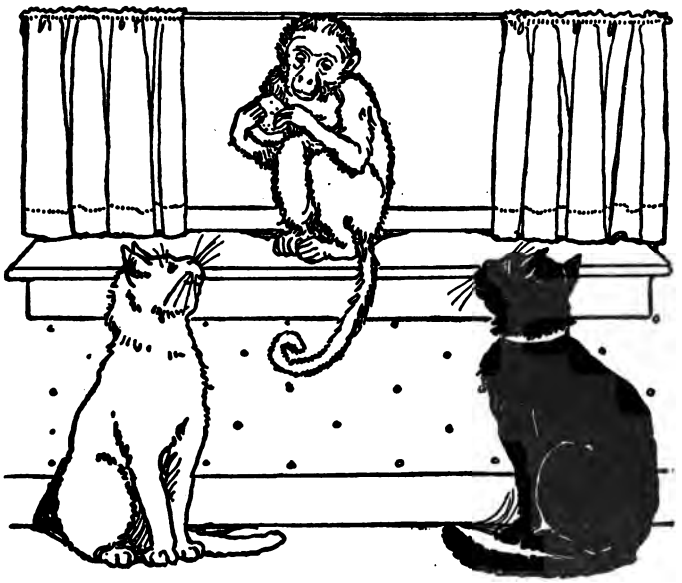
BLACK CAT. It is mine, sir! It is mine!

MONKEY. The cheese belongs to both of you. You both saw it at the same time.

WHITE CAT. Then what shall we do?

BLACK CAT. There is only one piece.

MONKEY. Make two pieces of it. Here, I will break it for you.



[*He breaks the cheese into two parts and gives each Cat a piece.*]

BLACK CAT. Your piece is larger than mine!

WHITE CAT. No, it is just the same, sir!

BLACK CAT. It is larger, I say!

WHITE CAT. How can you talk so?

BLACK CAT. Because it is so.

MONKEY. Give me the pieces. I will see.

[*The Cats give the cheese to the Monkey, who takes a piece in each hand.*]

MONKEY. This piece is a little larger. I will make it the same as the other.

[*He eats from that piece.*]

WHITE CAT. That makes my piece smaller now.

MONKEY. Yes, it is a little smaller. I will make the other piece smaller too.

[*He eats from the other piece.*]

BLACK CAT. That makes his piece larger now.

MONKEY. Yes, it is a little larger. I will make it the same as the other.

[*He eats from that piece.*]

WHITE CAT. You are eating too much of my piece, sir!

MONKEY. Then I will eat from the other.

[*He eats from the other piece.*]

BLACK CAT. You are eating too much of my piece now!

MONKEY. I must make them come out even, friends. I must make them come out even.

[*He keeps on eating, first from one piece and then from the other.*]

MONKEY. Too large — too small — too large — too small — too small —

BOTH CATS. Stop, sir! Stop! Stop! Stop!

MONKEY. What is it, sirs? What is it?

BOTH CATS. Where is our cheese?

MONKEY. I found I had to eat it all.

BOTH CATS. All!

MONKEY. To make the pieces come out even, friends. Just to make them come out even.

IN BAD COMPANY

TIME: *two summers ago.*
PLACE: *a corn field.*

THE FARMER.		KING BLACKBIRD.
JOHN	HIS SONS.	QUEEN BLACKBIRD.
NED		OTHER BLACKBIRDS.
TOM		CANARY.

[*The* FARMER *and his* SONS *enter the field. The boys carry a large net.*]

FARMER. Well, those blackbirds have been eating my seeds again.

JOHN. I am afraid we shall have no corn this fall.

NED. The birds eat the seeds as soon as father plants them.

FARMER. Well, this net will catch the little robbers. Spread it out, boys. I will sow seeds upon it.

[*The boys spread the net. The Farmer sows seeds upon it.*]

TOM. Aha! They will not know the seeds are on a net!

FARMER. Come, we will hide behind that wall.

NED. Yes, yes! Then they will not see us!

[*They hide. Soon many* BLACKBIRDS *and one* CANARY *come flying over the field.*]

QUEEN BLACKBIRD. The farmer has sown seeds again! Ha, ha!

ALL BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

KING BLACKBIRD. Well, we will pick them up again.

ALL BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CANARY. Oh, this is so funny!

KING BLACKBIRD. Come, blackbirds! Come and pick up the good farmer's seeds.

CANARY. I will go to watch you. It is all so funny! So very, very funny!

[*They enter the field and are soon tangled in the net. The* FARMER *and his* SONS *rush out and gather it up.*]

FARMER. Aha! Now I have caught you!

BOYS. Aha! Aha!

FARMER. This is the end of you, blackbirds. I shall punish all of you.

CANARY. Please free me, sir! I am not a blackbird.

FARMER. No, but you are with them.

CANARY. I did not eat one seed, sir!

FARMER. How do I know that? I find you with these robbers. I will punish you

with these other birds. Come with the net, boys! Come!

CANARY. I was only watching them, sir. I thought it all so funny.

FARMER. It will not be so funny now.

Boys. Aha! You are caught, canary!

CANARY. Oh dear! Oh dear! It is not so funny now! It is not so funny, farmer!

THE SICK DEER

TIME: *not so very long ago.*
PLACE: *a meadow.*

THE DEER.

THE RABBIT. THE DONKEY.
THE BEAR. THE LAMB.

[*The* DEER *lies on a meadow in the midst of thick grass. The* RABBIT *enters.*]

RABBIT. The crow told me you were sick.

DEER. For two days I 've been sick here.

RABBIT. Now I am sorry to hear that.

DEER. Won't you sit, dear friend?

RABBIT. Why yes, I 'll sit and talk with you.

[*She sits and eats the grass as far as she can reach.*]

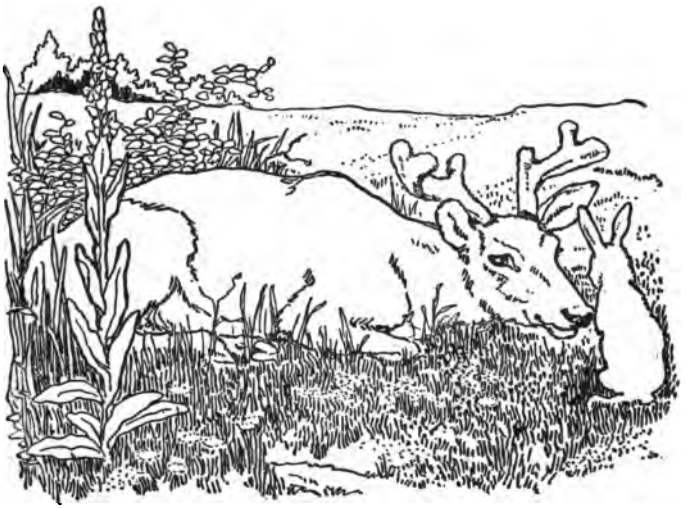
DEER. The birds came to see me yesterday. They thought this grass was very fine.

RABBIT. It is very, very tender. And now, good-bye! I 'll come again.

[*She goes. Enter the* BEAR.]

BEAR. The crow told me you were sick, my friend.

DEER. For two days I 've been sick, dear.



BEAR. Why then, I 'll sit and talk with you.

[*He sits and eats the grass as far as he can reach.*]

DEER. The birds and the rabbit liked this grass.

BEAR. It is very, very tender. And now, good-bye! I 'll come again.

[*He goes. Enter the* DONKEY.]

DONKEY. The crow told me you were sick, my friend.

DEER. Oh, very sick! For two days I have been here.

DONKEY. Why then, I 'll sit and talk with you.

[*He sits and eats the grass as far as he can reach.*]

DEER. The birds, the rabbit, and the bear all thought this grass was very fine.

DONKEY. It is very, very tender. And now, good-bye! I 'll come again.

[*He goes. Enter the* LAMB.]

LAMB. The crow told me you were sick, dear friend.

DEER. Oh, very sick! For two days very sick, dear.

LAMB. Why then, I 'll sit and talk with you.

[*She sits and nibbles the grass as far as she can reach.*]

DEER. The birds, the rabbit, the donkey, and the bear all said this grass was very fine.

LAMB. It is very, very tender. And now, good-bye! I 'll come again.

[*She goes.*]

DEER. And now it is time for me to eat. Why, what is this! There is not a blade of grass left! As far as I can reach, there is not a single blade! What shall I do! What shall I do!

THE GOLDEN BUCKET

TIME: *one summer day.*
PLACE: *the woods.*

JOHN.
HIS MOTHER.
THE OLD MAN.

[JOHN *has been picking berries. His bucket is full, and he is starting home. An* OLD MAN *comes with a bucket.*]

OLD MAN. Have you found any berries, my boy?

JOHN. My bucket is full. See!

OLD MAN. You have been lucky. Look into my bucket.

JOHN. Why, it is empty!

OLD MAN. I have not seen a berry to-day!

JOHN. I will show you where to find some. Come with me.

OLD MAN. I can walk no farther. I am very tired.

JOHN. You shall have my berries, sir.

OLD MAN. Do you not sell your berries?

JOHN. Yes, but I can find more. Here, sir, take them.

OLD MAN. I thank you, my boy. You are

very kind. Now I will take your bucket. You may have mine.

[*They exchange buckets.*]

JOHN. But your bucket is new, sir.

OLD MAN. That does not matter. Now I must rest for a little while.

[*He sits under a tree and seems to sleep. John hunts for berries. Soon his* MOTHER *comes.*]

MOTHER. John, John, why are you so long? Where are your berries?

JOHN. I gave them away — to that old man there.

MOTHER. I am sorry you did that. I wanted to sell your berries to-day. I wanted the money to buy your school books.

JOHN. The poor old man could not find a berry, mother.

MOTHER. Then I am glad you gave him yours.

JOHN. He gave me his bucket. Look — it is new!

MOTHER. John! John! The bucket is gold!

JOHN. Gold! I will wake him and give it back!

MOTHER. Yes, wake him and give it back!

[*The* OLD MAN *stands. His long cloak falls, and a beautiful fairy is seen.*]

MOTHER *and* JOHN. A fairy! A fairy!

FAIRY. The golden bucket is yours, my

boy. It will bring you books and clothes and food. It will always give you what you need, for it is a fairy bucket. And now, good-bye! Good-bye!

[*The Fairy goes.*]

MOTHER. Oh, my boy, my boy, see what your kind heart has done for you! A golden bucket! A golden fairy bucket!

THE SPARROWS IN THE HAT

SCENE I

TIME: *one spring morning.*
PLACE: *near the schoolhouse.*

HANS.	MARY.
ANN.	WILLIAM.
FRED.	HELEN.
CARL.	SARAH.

[*The* CHILDREN *are going to school. They see* HANS *coming and wait.*]

CARL. There comes Hans!

MARY. See how slowly he is walking!

FRED. Hans, Hans! You will be late!

ANN. Run, Hans, run!

[HANS *joins them.*]

HANS. I am not going to school.

CARL. Where are you going?

HANS. To the woods.

MARY. To catch sparrows?

HANS. Yes.

WILLIAM. The teacher told you not to.

HANS. I know, but I like to catch them.

HELEN. You came late yesterday.

SARAH. Were you catching sparrows?

HANS. Yes—I caught five! I will catch six to-day.

FRED. The teacher will not like it!

HANS. She will not know. I will not let her see the sparrows. Good-bye!

[*He runs into the woods.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *a half hour later.*
PLACE: *the schoolhouse.*

THE KING.	THE CHILDREN.
THE TEACHER.	HANS.

[*The* KING *stands talking with the* TEACHER *at the schoolhouse door. The* CHILDREN *stand behind the* TEACHER. HANS *comes out of the woods. He carries six sparrows.*]

HANS. Dear me! Dear me! I must pass the teacher. She will see my sparrows. I will put them into my hat.

(*He puts the six sparrows into his hat and puts his hat on his head.*) *

Aha! Now she cannot see them!

[*He passes the school.*]

TEACHER. Take off your hat, Hans. Here is the King.

HANS. The King!

TEACHER. Yes. Take off your hat.

(*Hans begins to cry.*)

Hans, Hans, take off your hat to the King!

(*Hans cries louder.*)

Well, I will take it off for you.

[*The Teacher takes off Hans's hat. The six sparrows fly out.*]

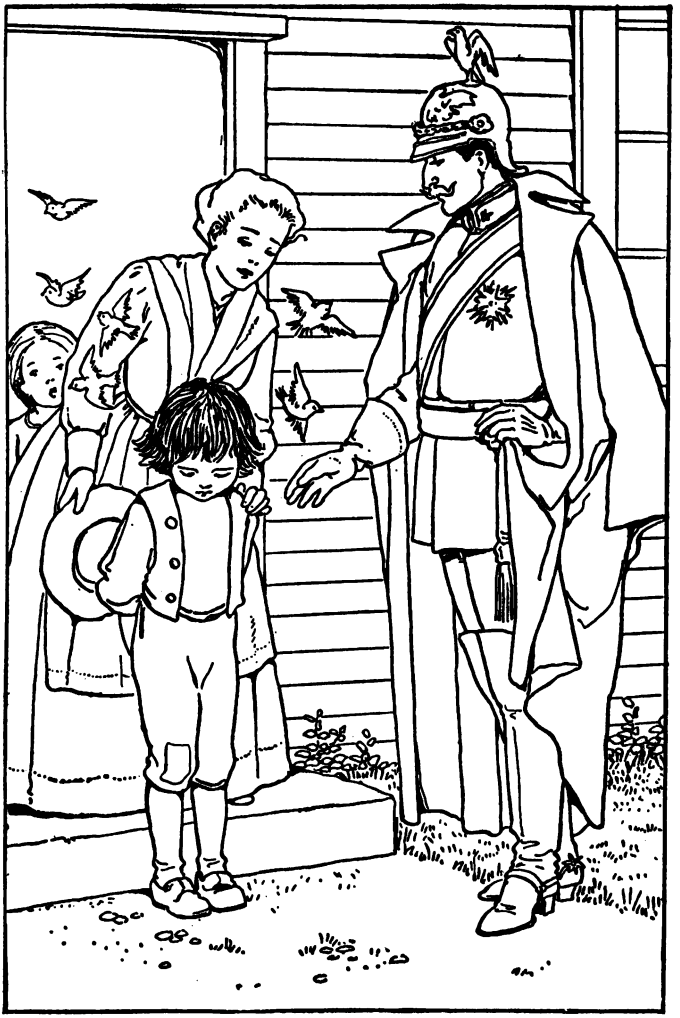
KING. Ha, ha, ha!

CHILDREN. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Hans hangs his head in shame.*]

KING. You must go to school, Hans. You must not run away to catch sparrows. Come now and give me your hand.

* Words in parentheses, explaining the action of the speaker, need not be read aloud; they will suggest to the child how the part should be rendered, and thus stimulate better expression.



"YOU MUST GO TO SCHOOL, HANS"

THE HOUSE OF BRICK

TIME: *one sunny day.*
PLACE: *a turnip field.*

FIRST PIG.
SECOND PIG.
THIRD PIG.

[*The three pretty* PIGS *enter the field.*]

FIRST PIG. This is a very pretty place.

SECOND PIG. I should like to live here.

THIRD PIG. I should like to live here, too.

FIRST PIG. I shall build my house here.

SECOND PIG. And so shall I.

THIRD PIG. And I shall, too.

FIRST PIG. Do you see that straw? I shall build my house of that.

THIRD PIG. Father said straw would not do for a house. It will not keep the wolf out.

FIRST PIG. I have never seen the wolf.

THIRD PIG. He will come some day, brother.

FIRST PIG. Oh well, the straw is here, and I am here. I shall begin my house at once!

[*He begins to build a house of straw.*]

SECOND PIG. That brush would make a very nice house.

THIRD PIG. Father said brush would not do for a house. It will not keep the wolf out.

SECOND PIG. I have never seen the wolf.

THIRD PIG. He will come some day, brother.

SECOND PIG. Oh well, the brush is here, and I am here. I shall begin my house at once!

[*He begins to build a house of brush.*]

THIRD PIG. Well, I shall mind what father said. I shall build my house of brick.

[*He begins to build a house of brick.*]

FIRST PIG. My house is built!

SECOND PIG. And so is mine!

THIRD PIG. And so is mine, my brothers!

[*The* WOLF *comes into the field.*]

WOLF. Good morning, pigs!

PIGS. The wolf! The wolf!

[*Each Pig runs into his house and locks the door. The Wolf goes to the house of straw.*]

WOLF. Little pig, little pig, let me in!

FIRST PIG. No, no, bad wolf! Go away!

WOLF. Then I'll puff and I'll puff till I blow your house down!

(*The Wolf puffs and puffs and blows the house down. Then he seizes the First Pig.*)

Aha! Aha! I have caught you!

(*The Wolf goes to the house of brush. He drags the First Pig with him.*)

Little pig, little pig, let me in!

SECOND PIG. No, no, bad wolf! Go away!

WOLF. Then I 'll puff and I 'll puff till I blow your house down!

(*The Wolf puffs and puffs and blows the house down. He seizes the Second Pig.*)

Aha! Aha! I have caught you!

(*The Wolf goes on to the house of brick, dragging the two Pigs with him.*)

Little pig, little pig, let me in!

THIRD PIG. No, no, bad wolf! Go away!

WOLF. Then I 'll puff and I 'll puff till I blow your house down!

(*The Wolf puffs and puffs. Then he puffs again. Then he puffs some more.*)

Well, well! Why can't I blow this house down?

(*He puffs and puffs and puffs and puffs.*)

This house I cannot puff down. Oh well, these two pigs will make a meal!

FIRST PIG. Oh dear! I wish I had built my house of brick.

SECOND PIG. Oh, so do I, dear brother!

THE CAT THAT WAITED

MOTHER CAT.

WHITE KITTEN. BLACK KITTEN.

SCENE I

TIME: *last spring.*

PLACE: *a garden.*

[*The two* KITTENS *lie with their* MOTHER *in the sunshine.*]

CAT. See the nest in the tree, my kittens!

WHITE KITTEN. What is in it, mother?

CAT. Eggs, my dear.

BLACK KITTEN. Are eggs good?

CAT. Eggs are good. I will get one for each of you.

[*She climbs the tree, looks into the nest, and then comes down.*]

BLACK KITTEN. What did you see, dear mother?

CAT. I saw two blue eggs, my kitten.

WHITE KITTEN. Are not blue eggs good?

CAT. Blue eggs are good, but little birds are better. We will wait.

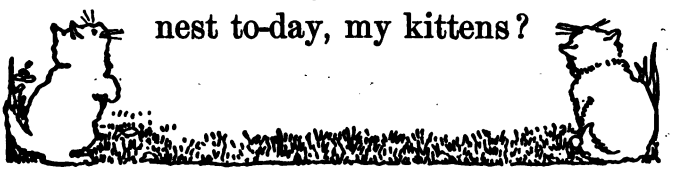
SCENE II

TIME: *three days later.*

PLACE: *the same.*

[*The two* KITTENS *lie with their* MOTHER *in the sunshine.*]

CAT. Have you watched the nest to-day, my kittens?



KITTENS. Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT. Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS. No, dear mother.

CAT. Then we will eat the eggs. We will not wait.

[*She climbs the tree, looks into the nest, and then comes down.*]

WHITE KITTEN. What did you see, dear mother?

CAT. I saw five blue eggs, my kitten.

BLACK KITTEN. Are not five blue eggs good?

CAT. Five blue eggs are good, but five little birds are better. We will wait.

SCENE III

TIME: *three weeks later.*

PLACE: *the same.*

[*The two* KITTENS *lie with their* MOTHER *in the sunshine.*]

CAT. Have you watched the nest to-day, my kittens?

KITTENS. Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT. Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS. Yes, yes, mother!

CAT. We will eat them now. They will be good.

[*She climbs the tree, looks into the nest, and then comes down.*]

BLACK KITTEN. What did you see, dear mother?

CAT. I saw five little birds, my kitten.

WHITE KITTEN. Are not little birds good?

CAT. Little birds are good, but large birds are better. We will wait.

SCENE IV

TIME: *two weeks later.*

PLACE: *the same.*

[*The two* KITTENS *lie with their* MOTHER *in the sunshine.*]

CAT. Have you watched the nest to-day, my kittens?

KITTENS. Oh yes, dear mother!

CAT. Did large birds look from it?

KITTENS. No, dear mother.

CAT. Did little birds look from it?

KITTENS. No, dear mother.

CAT. That is very queer. Well, we will eat the birds to-day. They must be very good now.

[*She climbs the tree, looks into the nest, and then comes down.*]

WHITE KITTEN. What did you see, dear mother?

CAT. Nothing, kittens, nothing. The birds have flown.

KITTENS. O mother! mother!

THE HONEST WOODMAN

TIME: *once upon a time.*
PLACE: *a river bank.*

FIRST WOODMAN.
SECOND WOODMAN.
FAIRY.

[*The* WOODMEN *are cutting down a tree on the river bank. The* FIRST WOODMAN *drops his ax, which falls into the river.*]

FIRST WOODMAN. Dear me! My ax has fallen into the river!

SECOND WOODMAN. Why don't you dive for it?

FIRST WOODMAN. I dare not. The river is too swift here. What shall I do! I have no money to buy a new ax. What shall I do! What shall I do!

[*Enter a* FAIRY.]

FAIRY. I will get your ax, good sir.

FIRST WOODMAN. You must not dive, good fairy! The river is too swift here.

FAIRY. No river is too swift for me.

(*The Fairy dives and soon comes up with a gold ax.*)

Is this your ax, woodman?

FIRST WOODMAN. Oh, no! That ax is gold!

FAIRY. Then I will dive again.

(*The Fairy dives and soon comes up with a silver ax.*)

Is this your ax, woodman?

FIRST WOODMAN. Oh, no! That ax is silver!

FAIRY. Then I will dive again.

[*The Fairy dives and soon comes up with the Woodman's ax.*]

FIRST WOODMAN. That is my ax! That is my ax!

FAIRY. You are an honest man, sir. I am pleased with you. Here are the gold and silver axes. Take them as a gift from me.

FIRST WOODMAN. I thank you, good fairy. I thank you.

"IS THIS YOUR AX, WOODMAN?"

FAIRY. I am glad to help you. And now, good-bye! Good-bye!

[*The Fairy goes.*]

FIRST WOODMAN. Come from the trees, my friend! I have something fine to tell you!

SECOND WOODMAN. I saw it all. You are a lucky man, friend.

FIRST WOODMAN. I must go and tell my wife. I must show her these fine axes.

[*He goes, running. The Second Woodman comes from the trees.*]

SECOND WOODMAN. Why should not I have a gold ax too? I will! Indeed I will!

[*He throws his ax into the river and then weeps aloud. Enter the* FAIRY.]

FAIRY. Why do you weep so, sir?

SECOND WOODMAN. My ax fell into the river! Alas! Alas! Alas!

FAIRY. I will bring it up for you.

(*The Fairy dives and soon comes up with a gold ax.*)

Is this your ax, woodman?

SECOND WOODMAN. Yes, yes! That is my ax! Why do you hold it away from me?

FAIRY. I am not pleased with you, sir. Your ax was not of gold! Your ax lies in the river. And there it will lie forever, sir! Forever and forever!

[*The Fairy goes.*]

SECOND WOODMAN. I wish I had not done it! Oh, I wish I had not done it!

THE TRACKS TO THE DEN

TIME: *one pleasant day.*
PLACE: *a forest.*

THE LION. | THE WOLF.
HIS MATE. | FIRST LAMB.
THE CROW. | SECOND LAMB.
THE FOX.

[*The* LION *lies in front of his den. His* MATE *comes from the den.*]

MATE. We must have food. It has been three days since we have eaten.

LION. What can we do? We are both too old to hunt now.

MATE. Well, the animals will not come here to be killed.

LION. We must find a way to bring them here.

MATE. Let us say we are sick. Then they will come to visit us.

LION. A good plan, mate! A very good plan!

[*A* CROW *flies to a tree near by.*]

MATE. Let's tell that crow that we are sick. You know how well she likes to talk.

LION. A good plan, mate! A very good plan!

MATE. Come then — we 'll speak to her together!

LION *and* MATE. Dear crow! Dear crow! We are so sick!

CROW. What is this! You both are sick?

MATE. We are both so very, very sick!

LION. And both so very lonesome!

MATE. We should like to have some visitors.

LION. Some one to sit and talk with us.

CROW. Why, then, I 'll tell your friends at once!

LION *and* MATE. Oh, thank you! Dear crow, thank you!

[*The Crow flies away.*]

LION. You shall have the first one, dear. I 'll wait outside and send him in.

[*The Mate enters the den. Soon the* WOLF *comes.*]

WOLF. I hear that you are sick, sir.

LION. So sick, friend wolf!

WOLF. Your voice is weak — you must be sick.

LION. So sick! And oh, so lonesome!

WOLF. Why then, I'll sit and talk with you.

LION. Come into my house, please. Enter — I will follow.

[*The Wolf enters the den. The Lion remains outside. Soon the* MATE *comes out.*]

MATE. The plan is fine! That wolf was nice and tender.

[*Two* LAMBS *enter.*]

FIRST LAMB. We hear that you are very sick.

LION *and* MATE. Oh very, very sick, dear lambs!

SECOND LAMB. Your voices are as weak as ours.

LION. Alas, we are both like little lambs, now.

MATE. Come into our house and sit with us.

FIRST LAMB. Why yes, we 'll sit a little while.

SECOND LAMB. Since you are as weak as we are.

LION. Please enter — we will follow.

[*The Lambs enter the den. The Lions follow. There is silence for a short time. Then the Lions come out.*]

MATE. I like spring lamb.

LION. I, too, am very fond of it.

[*The* FOX *enters. He stops at a safe distance.*]

FOX. Good-morning, friends! I hear that you are very sick.

LION *and* MATE. Oh very, very, very sick!

FOX. Well, I am very, very, very sorry.

LION. Why do you stand so far away?

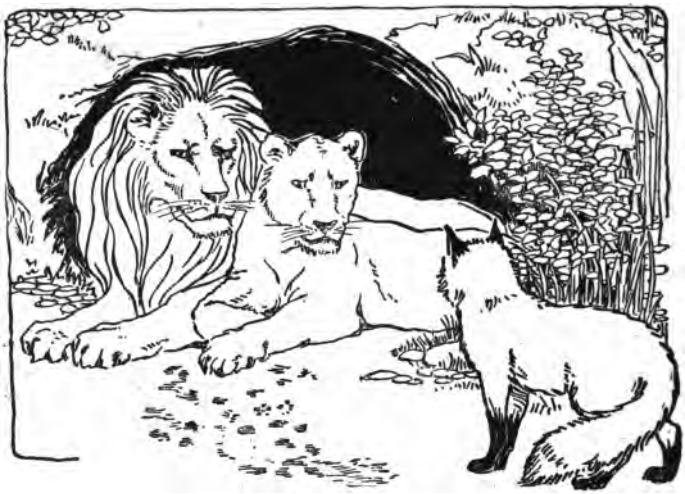
MATE. Come near, my dear, and talk with us.

FOX. I find that I must go now.

LION. Go! Did you not come to visit us?

FOX. Yes, but I cannot stay.

LION. Now why is this?



MATE. Yes, why is this?

FOX. I see many tracks going into your den, but not a single track comes out! Not a track! Not even a footprint! It is very strange, now is n't it, friends? Is n't it? Now is n't it?

[*He goes, running.*]

MATE. That fox is very clever.

LION. Too clever! Much too clever!

THE MOON'S SILVER CLOAK

SCENE I

TIME: *when the Moon was new.*
PLACE: *the Sky.*

THE NEW MOON. SECOND STAR.
THE SKY. THIRD STAR.
FIRST STAR. FOURTH STAR.
OTHER STARS.

[*The* SKY *and the* STARS *are seen.*]

SKY. It is time for my little New Moon again. Do you see her, stars? Is she coming?

FIRST STAR. Yes, yes, Mother Sky! She is coming!

SECOND STAR. Yes, yes! Here she comes with her two little horns!

THIRD STAR. How thin she is!

FOURTH STAR. Yes, but she is pretty.

OTHER STARS. So pretty! Oh, so pretty!

[*They wave their hands to the* MOON, *who comes sailing in. She is thin and new, but happy.*]

ALL. Welcome, Moon dear! Welcome!

MOON. I am so glad to see you all! Now how do you like my two little horns?

SKY. They are pretty!

STARS. Oh, so pretty!

MOON. And see how thin I am to-night! And how do you like my color?

SKY. You look like silver, little Moon.

STARS. Like beautiful, beautiful silver!

MOON. I wish I might have a nice little cloak.

SKY. What kind of cloak do you want, my child?

MOON. Oh, a nice little cloak! A silver cloak!

SKY. A silver cloak you shall have, dear.

FIRST STAR. I will help to make the cloak.

SECOND STAR. And I will help.

THIRD STAR. And so will I.

OTHER STARS. And I! And I!

MOON. That is very nice of you. Now

please make my cloak to fit me well. I want it tight, dear mother.

SKY. Your cloak shall fit you well, my child.

MOON. And now I must go sailing on. Good night! Good night! I 'll come again!

OTHERS. Good night! Good night! Do come again!

[*The New Moon sails away. The Stars wave their hands as she goes.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *two weeks later.*
PLACE: *the same.*

THE FULL MOON.
THE SKY.
THE STARS.

[*The* SKY *and the* STARS *are seen.*]

SKY. It is time now for our Moon again. Do you see her, stars? Is she coming?

STARS. She is coming! She is coming!

[*They wave their hands to the* MOON, *who comes sailing in, big, round, golden, and happy.*]

ALL. Welcome, Moon dear! Welcome!

MOON. I am so glad to see you all! Well, where is my little silver cloak?

SKY. Here it is! Do you like it?

MOON. How pretty! Oh, how pretty! I thank you all, I thank you.

[*She tries to get into the cloak, but cannot.*]

MOON. The cloak is too small.

SKY. No, you are too large.

MOON. How can that be? I am the same Moon.

FIRST STAR. But you are not so thin as you were.

SECOND STAR. And where are your two little horns?

THIRD STAR. And where is your silver color?

MOON. I am the same Moon — the very same Moon.

SKY. Well, we will make the little cloak larger.

MOON. Oh, that is very nice of you! And now I must be sailing. So good-bye! Good-bye! I'll come again!

OTHERS. Good-bye! Good-bye! Do come again!

[*The Moon sails away. The Stars wave their hands as she goes.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *three weeks later.*
PLACE: *the same.*

THE HALF MOON.
THE SKY.
THE STARS.

[*The* SKY *and the* STARS *are seen.*]

SKY. It is time again for our Moon to-night.

STARS. She is coming! She is coming!

[*They wave their hands to the* MOON, *who comes sailing in. She is now a Half-Moon, but is just as happy.*]

ALL. Welcome, Moon dear! Welcome!

MOON. I am so glad to see you all! Now where is my pretty silver cloak? And did you make it larger?

STARS. Oh yes! We made it larger!

[*The Moon puts on the cloak. It is too large.*]

MOON. The cloak is too large.

SKY. No, you are too small.

MOON. How can that be? I am the same Moon.

FIRST STAR. You are only half as large, dear.

MOON. I am the same Moon — the very same Moon. Can't you make the cloak to fit me?

SKY. How can I fit you, my dear child? You are always changing.

MOON. I am the same Moon — the very same Moon.

SKY. The same, but always changing!

STARS. Changing! Always changing!

THE CLEVER COCK

SCENE I

TIME: *one evening.*
PLACE: *in the woods.*

THE COCK.
THE DOG.

[*The* COCK *is eating nuts. The* DOG *enters.*]

DOG. Well, well! I have found you at last.

COCK. Did they send you for me?

DOG. Yes. The master said you were lost.

COCK. I am lost.

DOG. Not now, good cock. I know the way home.

COCK. Then come, let us go.

DOG. It is too late. We must wait here till morning.

COCK. Then I will sleep in this great tree.

DOG. And I will sleep in this thick brush.

COCK. Good night, good friend!

DOG. Good night, good cock!

[*The Cock flies up into the tree. The Dog goes into the brush. Soon both are asleep.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *sunrise the next morning.*
PLACE: *the same.*

THE COCK.	THE RED FOX.
THE DOG.	THE GRAY FOX.

[*The* COCK *wakes and crows. The* DOG *sleeps on. The* FOXES *enter, whispering.*]

RED FOX. I heard him crow. Where is he?

GRAY FOX. In that great tree.

RED FOX. Oh! Oh! How fat he is! We must have him for breakfast!

GRAY FOX. Yes, we will have him for breakfast. I know a way to get him down. Follow me and speak to him just as I do.

(*The Foxes creep up to the tree.*)

Good-morning, good cock!

RED FOX. Good cock, good-morning!

COCK. Good-morning, sirs!

GRAY FOX. We heard your sweet song.

"GOOD-MORNING, GOOD COCK!"

RED FOX. It was so very, very sweet!

COCK. Why, I only crowed, sirs.

GRAY FOX. I thought a bird was singing.

RED FOX. I thought a silver bell was ringing.

COCK. I thank you, sirs. I thank you.

GRAY FOX. Good cock, do you always sing a morning song?

COCK. Yes, always! Just as the sun comes up, I sing.

GRAY FOX. Why, we, too, sing a morning song!

RED FOX. When the church bells ring, we sing our song.

GRAY FOX. So why not sing our songs together?

RED FOX. Oh, that would be beautiful!

GRAY FOX. Come down, dear cock, and sing with us!

RED FOX. Come, dear cock! Come down!

COCK. I have not heard the church bells ring.

GRAY FOX. Oh, we will not wait this morning!

COCK. Well, I will wait. I will not come down till the church bells ring.

[*The Foxes whisper together. Then they creep under the brush where the Dog lies asleep, but they do not see him. They sing loudly.*]

GRAY FOX. Ding!

RED FOX. Dong!

GRAY FOX. Ding!

RED FOX. Dong!

GRAY FOX. Ding!

RED FOX. Dong!

BOTH FOXES. Bell!

[*The* DOG *wakes, jumps out and seizes the Foxes.*]

COCK. Ha, ha! It was kind of you to ring so loud!

FOXES. Please let us go! Please! Please!

DOG. I have no time to eat you now, so you may go together.

FOXES. Thank you, sir! Oh, thank you!

[*They run away quickly.*]

DOG. Come now, good cock, we must go home to master.

THE KING'S GOOD FRIEND

TIME: *a long time ago.*
PLACE: *the woods.*

THE KING.
A SOLDIER.
THE KING'S HAWK.

[*The* KING *enters with his* HAWK. *The* SOLDIER *follows.*]

KING. I hope we shall find water here.

SOLDIER. I do not see any, sire.

KING. I will free my hawk. He will find it for us. He is as thirsty as we are.

[*The King frees the Hawk, which flies to the rocks above.*]

SOLDIER. See how he flies around those rocks!

KING. We shall find water up there. Come!

SOLDIER. He does not stop to drink, sire.

KING. That is strange. But we will climb to the rocks above. I must have a drink at once — at once!

[*They cross to the rocks.*]

SOLDIER. Here is water dropping from these rocks below! We shall not need to climb, sire.

KING. I see! I see! It flows down from the spring above.

SOLDIER. I will fill your cup, sire.

[*He fills the cup slowly. The King is about to drink, when the Hawk flies down and knocks the cup from his hand.*]

KING. Well, well! He came too close that time.

SOLDIER. I will fill your cup again, sire.

[*He fills the cup. The King is about to drink, when the Hawk flies down again and knocks the cup from his hand.*]

KING. Is the bird trying to play with me?

(*He strikes at the Hawk, but the Hawk darts away.*)

Off with you! Off with you!

SOLDIER. Ha, ha! Yes, he is trying to play, sire. I will fill your cup again.

[*He fills the cup. The King is about to drink, when the Hawk again flies down and knocks the cup from his hand.*]

KING. What, again! I 'll teach you better manners, sir!

[*Again he strikes at the Hawk, which darts away.*]

SOLDIER. See, sire! Each time he flies to the rocks above!

KING. It is strange. But, quick! My cup again!

SOLDIER. I will fill it from the spring above. The water drops too slowly here.

KING. Climb up then, quickly! At once — at once!

[*The Soldier climbs to the rocks above, and then calls down.*]

SOLDIER. I have found the spring! A snake is lying in it, sire!

KING. A snake!

SOLDIER. A great snake! It has poisoned the water in the spring! It has poisoned the water that flows down to you!

[*The Soldier comes down.*]

KING. Then the water in the cup was poisoned!

SOLDIER. Yes, sire.

KING. Ah, now I understand! My good hawk, come back to me! You saw the snake. You would not let me drink. I am sorry I was angry with you, my friend — my good, good friend!

AN INDIAN BOY'S PET

SCENE I

TIME: *last week.*
PLACE: *Indian camp.*

LOTI.	HIS FATHER.
HIS MOTHER.	THE EAGLE.

[LOTI *is feeding a young* EAGLE. *The* MOTHER *is watching him.*]

MOTHER. Your father comes to-day, Loti.

LOTI. I am glad. He has been gone a long time.

MOTHER. He will not like to see that eagle.

LOTI. I am afraid of that. I could not sleep last night, I was so afraid.

[*The* FATHER *enters with a dead deer.*]

FATHER. See what I have killed!

MOTHER. Oh, that is fine! I will make a fire at once.

[*She goes.*]

FATHER. Where did you get that eagle?

LOTI. He fell from his nest.

FATHER. And you brought him here and fed him?

LOTI. Yes, father.

FATHER. Take him back to the woods.

LOTI. Please let me keep him, father!

FATHER. No.

LOTI. He is so pretty! See, father! He is as white as snow.

FATHER. Indian boys do not have pets. Take the eagle back to the woods — at once!

[*Loti goes with the Eagle.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *one year later.*

PLACE: *a river bank.*

LOTI.	FOURTH BOY.
HIS FATHER.	FIFTH BOY.
FIRST BOY.	SIXTH BOY.
SECOND BOY.	SEVENTH BOY.
THIRD BOY.	OTHER BOYS.

THE EAGLE.

[*The* BOYS *are shooting at a mark with their bows and arrows.*]

FIRST BOY. You are too near the river, Loti!

LOTI. If I fall in, I will swim out.

SECOND BOY. No one can swim in the river now. It is too swift.

THIRD BOY. Let's shoot at that rock in the water there!

BOYS. Yes! Yes!

[*The Boys run to the edge of the bank. Loti falls into the river.*]

FOURTH BOY. Loti has fallen in! Loti has fallen in!

BOYS. Loti! Loti!

LOTI. Save me! Save me!

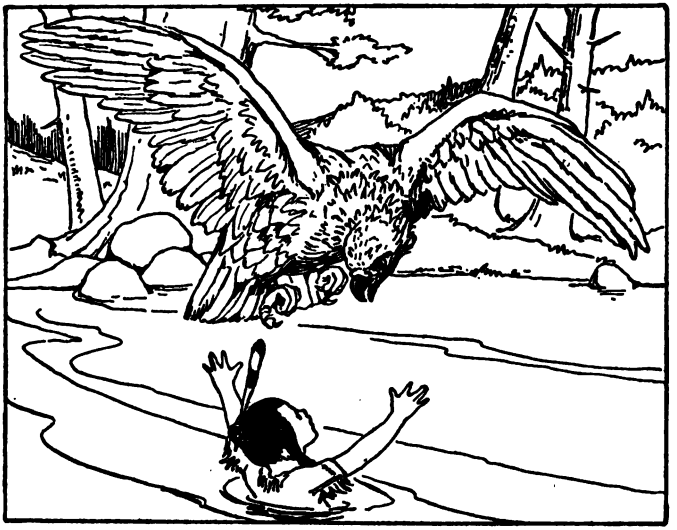
FIRST BOY. I will swim out to him!

SECOND BOY. No, you must not! The river is too swift!

LOTI. Save me! Save me!

BOYS. What shall we do? What shall we do?

THIRD BOY. Look! An eagle flies down to Loti!



FOURTH BOY. He reaches Loti—See! He stops!

FIFTH BOY. He thrusts his claws into Loti's coat!

SIXTH BOY. He lifts him from the water! Do you see? He lifts him from the water!

BOYS. Yes! Yes!

SEVENTH BOY. Look! He is flying to the bank. I will tell Loti's father!

[*He goes running.*]

FIRST BOY. See how slowly the eagle flies!

SECOND BOY. Loti is heavy for him.

THIRD BOY. I cannot see them now, can you? They are behind those trees.

FOURTH BOY. Here comes Loti's father!

[*Enter the* FATHER, *running.*]

FIFTH BOY. And here comes Loti!

[*Enter* LOTI. *A white* EAGLE *flies slowly above him.*]

LOTI. Father! It is my pet eagle! Do you see? I know him!

FATHER. Bring the eagle to camp, Loti! He has saved you from the waters. Bring him to camp, Loti! He shall live with us forever.

THE FAIRY AND THE CAT

TIME: *just last winter.*
PLACE: *a palace.*

THE FAIRY.	THE KING.
THE CAT.	THE QUEEN.
THE MOUSE.	THE PRINCESS.

[*The* QUEEN *and the* KING *sit on their throne. The* CAT *sits in a window.*]

QUEEN. We must do something for our little girl.

KING. Is she sick?

QUEEN. She is not well.

KING. My! My! Have you had a doctor?

QUEEN. Yes, the doctor came this morning to look at her. He says she is not sick. He says she is not well.

KING. My! My! What shall we do?

QUEEN. We must call a fairy.

KING. Yes! Yes! We must call a fairy.

[*They go to the window and open it.*]

QUEEN. Fairy! Fairy! Come to us!

KING. Fairy! Fairy! Come at once!

[*A pretty* FAIRY *enters.*]

FAIRY. Your wish, O King and Queen?

QUEEN. Dear fairy, the Princess is not well. And yet she is not sick.

KING. What does she need, good fairy?

FAIRY. What does she ask for, King?

KING. Nothing. She has every toy that was ever made.

QUEEN. She has many, many pets, too. That pretty cat is one of them.

FAIRY. I think she needs a playmate.

KING. Well, Queen, where can we get one?

QUEEN. Alas! I do not know, sir. The little girls here are all too small. The others are all too large, sir.

FAIRY. Then I will bring one who will be just right. Go tell the Princess what I say.

QUEEN. Yes, fairy, I will tell her.

KING. I will go and help to tell.

[*They go.*]

CAT. Fairy! Fairy! May I speak?

FAIRY. Speak, pretty cat! I listen.

CAT. I want to be the little girl! I want to! Oh, I want to!

FAIRY. You!

CAT. I have played with the Princess a long, long time. I should make a fine girl playmate.

FAIRY. Now that may be true.

CAT. So change me into a girl, fairy dear! Please change me into a little girl!

FAIRY. You have been a good cat. You should be a good girl.

CAT. Indeed I will, good fairy.

FAIRY. Well, I will change you. Change to a pretty girl! Change, now, change!

(*The Cat changes to a pretty* GIRL. *Enter the* KING, *the* QUEEN, *and the* PRINCESS.)

Here is your playmate, Princess.

PRINCESS. O you dear little girl! Have you come to stay with me?

NEW GIRL. Yes, if the Queen will let me.

QUEEN. Why, I am glad to have you here!

KING. You have been kind, dear fairy.

PRINCESS. Come play with me, you new little girl!

[*A* MOUSE *runs across the floor.*]

QUEEN. A mouse! A mouse! Jump upon the chairs, girls!

KING. Jump, girls, jump!

[*All but the new little Girl jump upon chairs.*]

NEW GIRL. Aha! I'll get that mouse!

PRINCESS. Jump, little girl! Jump! Jump!

NEW GIRL. No, no! I want the mouse! I want it! Oh, I want it!

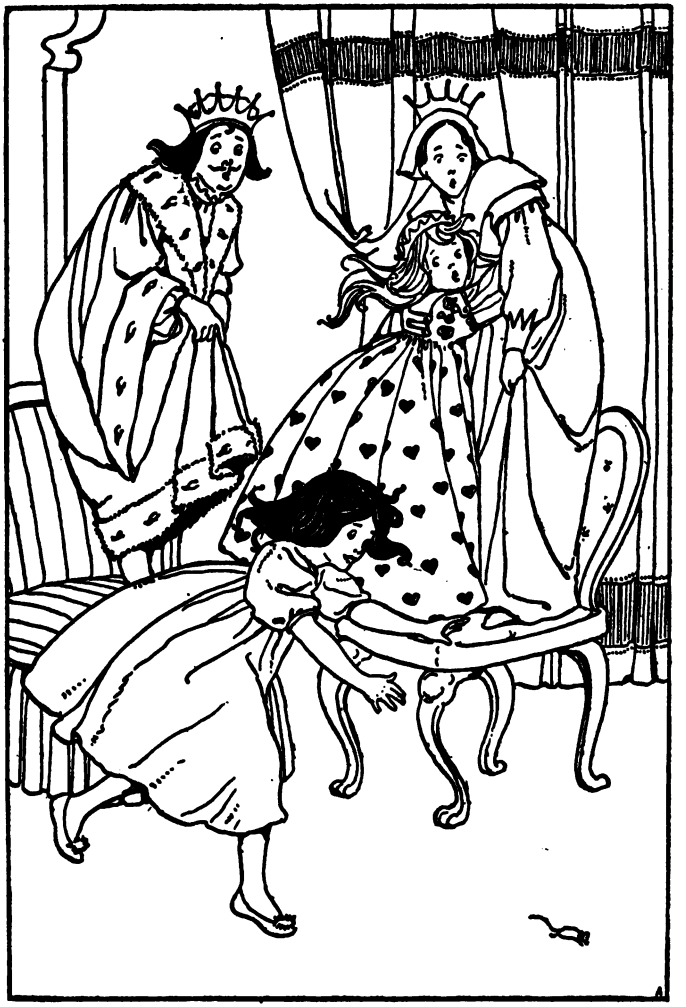
[*She pounces upon the Mouse and catches it.*]

KING. Now that is strange!

QUEEN. It is very, very, very strange!

PRINCESS. She jumped just as my cat does! Why, where is my cat? Has any one seen my pretty cat? My cat! My cat! Where is she?

FAIRY. Your cat is here, dear Princess. Little new girl, I must change you back. You can never be a real little girl, for you never can forget your mice. So change, pretty girl! Change to a pretty cat! Change, now, change!



"AHA! I'LL GET THAT MOUSE!"

THE LARK'S NEST

SCENE I

TIME: *an autumn day.*
PLACE: *a garden.*

MARY.
NED.

[MARY *and* NED *are in the garden. They are looking toward a wheatfield, where their father is cutting wheat with a machine and horses.*]

MARY. Do you see father, Ned?

NED. How far away he is!

MARY. He looks like a little boy.

NED. How small the horses look!

MARY. They look like ponies.

NED. Father must be very tired.

MARY. Let 's go and help him!

NED. Yes, yes! Let's go and help him!

[*They run into the wheatfield.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *ten minutes later.*
PLACE: *the wheatfield.*

MARY.	MOTHER LARK.
NED.	YOUNG LARKS.

[MARY *and* NED *are making their way through the tall wheat.*]

NED. Can father see us now?

MARY. Oh, no! He is too far away!

NED. He was coming toward us.

MARY. Yes, but the tall wheat hides us now.

NED. I am so tired, sister!

MARY. Well, we will rest here.

[*They sit on the ground close to a lark's nest.*]

NED. Look, Mary, look! Just see this nest of little birds!

MARY. Oh! Oh! They are baby larks!

[*The* MOTHER LARK *comes flying to the nest.*]

NED. Here comes the mother lark!

MARY. Come, mother lark, come! We will not hurt your little larks!

NED. We will only look at them.

MARY. We must not even talk, Ned.

NED. No, we must not even talk.

[*Mary and Ned sit quietly looking at the larks. At last they go to sleep.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *a half hour later.*
PLACE: *the Lark's nest.*

MOTHER LARK.

FIRST YOUNG LARK.	MARY.
SECOND YOUNG LARK.	NED.
THIRD YOUNG LARK.	THEIR FATHER.

[MARY *and* NED *still sleep by the nest. The* MOTHER LARK *and the* YOUNG LARKS *are asleep. The children's* FATHER *comes nearer and nearer with his great machine and horses. The noise wakes the* YOUNG LARKS.]

YOUNG LARKS. Peep! Peep! Peep!

[*The Mother Lark wakes.*]

MOTHER LARK. What is it, children? What is it?

FIRST YOUNG LARK. The horses will step on us!

SECOND YOUNG LARK. The machine will cut us!

THIRD YOUNG LARK. They come nearer and nearer!

MOTHER LARK. Ah, if you could only fly!

FIRST LARK. The children cannot fly!

SECOND LARK. The horses will step on them!

THIRD LARK. The machine will cut them!

MOTHER LARK. I will tell the father that his children are here! I will tell him you are here! In some way I will make him understand.

[*She flies in the Father's face again and again. At last he stops his horses.*]

FATHER. The lark must have a nest in the wheat. She takes this way to tell me. I will not hurt your larks, little mother. The horses shall not step on them. The machine shall not even touch them. I will move your nest and little larks. Come, show me where to find them.

(*He follows the Mother Lark, who flies before him to the nest. He sees his children.*)

What is this! My own children! Ah, little mother, you have saved them! I will not move your nest or birds! I will not even cut the wheat here! Come, wake up, Mary! Wake up, Ned!

THE BEAUTIFUL SONG

TIME: *in daisy time.*
PLACE: *a meadow.*

THE KING.	FOURTH CHILD.
THE QUEEN.	FIRST BUTTERFLY.
ROSE.	FIRST CROW.
FIRST CHILD.	FIRST SQUIRREL.
SECOND CHILD.	OWL.
THIRD CHILD.	RED BIRD.

OTHER CHILDREN, HUNTERS, LORDS, LADIES.
OTHER BUTTERFLIES, CROWS, SQUIRRELS.

[ROSE *and the other* CHILDREN *are making daisy wreaths. Enter the* KING, *the* QUEEN, LORDS, LADIES, *and* HUNTERS.]

KING *and* QUEEN. Children, children, listen to us!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Children, children, listen!

KING. We want to know where the red bird lives.

QUEEN. Tell us, children!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Tell us, children, tell us!

FIRST CHILD. I do not know, dear King and Queen.

SECOND CHILD. I do not know, dear lords.

THIRD CHILD. I do not know, dear ladies.

FOURTH CHILD. Rose knows! She has seen the red bird's nest.

KING *and* QUEEN. Tell us, Rose! Quick, tell us!

ROSE. Do you want to catch the little bird?

KING. Our hunters here will kill it.

ROSE. Kill it! Has the bird harmed them in any way?

QUEEN. Oh, no! I want its feathers for my cap.

KING. She wants them and must have them.

ROSE. But the red bird sings a beautiful song!

QUEEN. I know, but I want its feathers.

ROSE. I will not tell where the red bird lives!

KING *and* QUEEN. You will not tell!

LORDS *and* LADIES. You dare — you dare to say that!

ROSE. I will not tell! I will not!

QUEEN. Tell, and I 'll give you a dress of gold!

ROSE. I will not tell!

KING. Tell, and I 'll give you a palace!

ROSE. I will not tell!

KING. Those butterflies there may tell us. They must know where the nest is.

QUEEN. Ask them, hunters! Ask them!

HUNTERS. White butterflies! White butterflies! Where is the nest of the little red bird?

BUTTERFLIES. No! No! The red bird is a friend of ours!

KING. Then ask those great, great crows over there — those crows so black and shiny!

HUNTERS. Crows so shiny! Crows so black! Where is the nest of the little red bird?

CROWS. No! No! The red bird is a friend of ours.

QUEEN. Go ask those squirrels so soft and gray!

HUNTERS. Squirrels so soft and squirrels so gray! Where is the nest of the little red bird?

SQUIRRELS. No! No! We love the red bird's singing.

QUEEN. Now listen, butterflies and squirrels! Listen, crows so black and shiny! Just tell me what I want to know, and I 'll give you food forever.

KING. And my hunters shall never shoot at you!

HUNTERS. Never! Never! Never!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Just think of that! Just think of that!

OWL. 'T is something indeed to think of!

ROSE. No, no, white butterflies and squirrels! No, no, crows so black and shiny! Don't think of that at all — at all! Just think of the song the red bird sings! His beautiful song so sweet and clear! His beautiful song so happy!

QUEEN. Listen, butterflies and crows and squirrels! When cold winds blow, and cold snows fall, you will be fed in my palace!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Just think of that! Just think of that!

OWL. 'T is something indeed to think of!

BUTTERFLIES. Yes, 't is something indeed to think of.

CROWS. 'T is something indeed!

SQUIRRELS. 'T is something indeed!

KING. Just lead the way to the red bird's nest. Lead, and we will follow.

LORDS *and* LADIES. Lead, and we will follow.

[*The Butterflies, Crows, and Squirrels start to lead the way.*]

ROSE. Don't go! Don't go! These hunters here will kill the bird! They 'll kill the pretty song it sings! Don't go! Don't go! I beg you!

[*The Butterflies, Crows, and Squirrels stop.*]

KING. Remember the food in winter time!

QUEEN. Remember I 'll feed you forever!

[*The Butterflies, Crows, and Squirrels go on. Suddenly the* RED BIRD *is heard singing. All stop and listen till the song is over.*]

FIRST BUTTERFLY. I 'll not help kill that beautiful song!

OTHER BUTTERFLIES. Nor I! Nor I!

[*They fly away.*]

FIRST CROW. I 'll not help kill that song so sweet!

OTHER CROWS. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

[*They fly away.*]

FIRST SQUIRREL. I'll not help kill that song so clear!

OTHER SQUIRRELS. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

[*They run away.*]

QUEEN. Nor I! I will give up my feathers!

KING. Hurrah! The Queen will give up her feathers!

LORDS, LADIES, *and* HUNTERS. Hurrah! Hurrah!

QUEEN. And you, dear Rose, we thank for this. It was you who saved the birdie!

ROSE. No, it was the bird's own song that saved the bird! So thank the beautiful song, dear Queen! Thank the beautiful song so sweet and clear! The beautiful song so happy!

[*The Red Bird sings again.*]

THE MILL THAT GROUND HOT PORRIDGE

TIME: *Thanksgiving Day.*
PLACE: *Elf Land.*

THE ELF KING.	SEVENTH ELF.
FIRST ELF.	EIGHTH ELF.
SECOND ELF.	NINTH ELF.
THIRD ELF.	TENTH ELF.
FOURTH ELF.	FIRST FAIRY.
FIFTH ELF.	SECOND FAIRY.
SIXTH ELF.	THIRD FAIRY.

OTHER ELVES.

[*The* ELF KING *sits on his throne. Many* ELVES *surround him.*]

ELF KING. It is time those elves were back, my boys!

ELVES. Yes! Yes! It is time now!

ELF KING. It is not far to fairy land.

FIRST ELF. They may be waiting for the mill!

ELF KING. Well, that is what they went for.

SECOND ELF. They may not get it, after all.

ELF KING. Oh, don't say that!

ELVES. No, don't say that! Don't, don't say that!

ELF KING. Just one thousand years we have wanted that mill!

ELVES. One thousand! Just one thousand!

THIRD ELF. But the fairies always guard it, you know!

ELF KING. Some day they may go to sleep.

ELVES. We hope so! Oh, we hope so!

FOURTH ELF. Here come the elves! You can see them on that hill there!

ELVES. Here come the elves! Here come the elves!

[*Enter twelve* ELVES *and three* FAIRIES. *The Elves carry the little mill.*]

TWELVE ELVES. Here is the mill! The mill that grinds hot porridge!

ELF KING. Oh joy! Oh joy!

ELVES. Oh great, great joy!

FAIRIES. Alas! Alas! Alas!

FIFTH ELF. We found them sleeping, King!

FIRST FAIRY. Our queen left us to guard the mill. Alas, we went to sleep, sir!

SECOND FAIRY. The other fairies all were gone.

THIRD FAIRY. They had gone to ask our company.

ELF KING. Company! And what is that?

FIRST FAIRY. We always ask friends on Thanksgiving Day.

SECOND FAIRY. To eat with us, you see.

THIRD FAIRY. We could not eat without company.

SIXTH ELF. The mill gets dinner, King!

SEVENTH ELF. It grinds them good hot porridge, King!

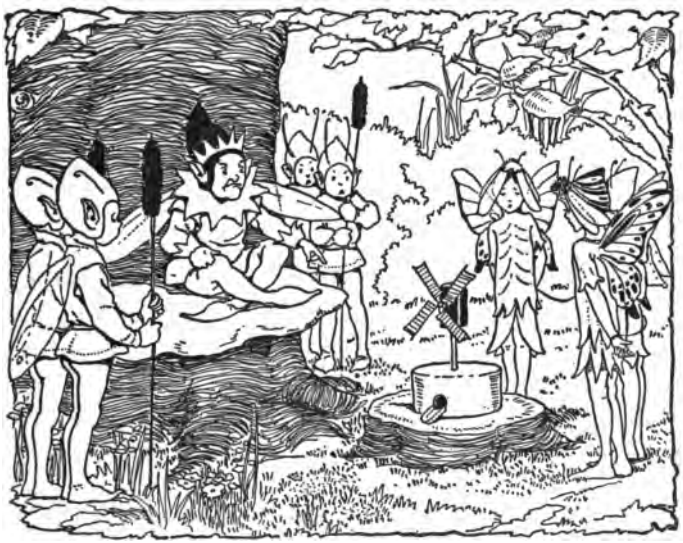
ELF KING. I know! Just one thousand years I have known that!

FIRST FAIRY. Please let us go with our little mill!

ELVES. Never! Never! Never!

SECOND FAIRY. Our company will have no dinner, elves!

ELF KING. That does not matter to us at all.



EIGHTH ELF. We never have company.

NINTH ELF. We want no one to eat with us.

TENTH ELF. We want the porridge for ourselves.

ELVES. Yes! Yes! All for ourselves!

ELF KING. So, fairies, speak the words that will make the mill grind. Speak them!

FAIRIES. No, no!

ELVES. Yes, yes!

FAIRIES. Please grind hot porridge, little mill! Please! Please!

[*The mill grinds hot porridge.*]

ELF KING. Look, look, elves! The little mill grinds hot porridge!

ELVES. Oh! Oh! Hot porridge! Good hot porridge!

ELF KING. Come, fill your bowls, my boys, and eat! Come eat this fine hot porridge!

(*The Elves fill their bowls and eat.*)

Ha, ha! Just one thousand years we have waited for this!

ELVES. Just one thousand years! Ha, ha!

FIRST FAIRY. The porridge is running on the ground!

ELF KING. Then speak the words that will stop the mill.

FAIRIES. Thank you, little mill! Our company will eat no more. So thank you, thank you, thank you!

[*The mill grinds on.*]

ELVES. It does not stop! It does not stop!

FIRST FAIRY. I was afraid it would not stop.

ELF KING. Fairies! Tell us why it does not stop!

FIRST FAIRY. It is because you have no company, King.

SECOND FAIRY. Yes, it is because you have no company.

THIRD FAIRY. Come, fairies, come! We must fly to high trees!

[*The Fairies fly up into high trees.*]

THIRD ELF. The ground is covered with porridge now!

FOURTH ELF. It is over my feet!

FIFTH ELF. It is up to my knees!

ELF KING. Speak the words again, fairies, quick! Try again to stop it!

FAIRIES. Thank you, little mill! Our company will eat no more. So thank you, thank you, thank you!

[*The mill grinds on.*]

ELVES. It does not stop!

SIXTH ELF. The porridge is up to my neck! Just look!

SEVENTH ELF. It is getting into my ears!

FAIRIES. Swim, little elves! Swim out! Swim out!

ELVES. We cannot swim in porridge!

FAIRIES. Then climb tall trees, little elves! Climb trees!

ELF KING. Yes, yes! Climb up! Up, up!

[*The Elves climb trees.*]

ELVES. It does not stop! Oh! Oh! Oh!

THIRD ELF. The porridge is up to my branch, elves!

FOURTH ELF. It is up to mine now!

FIFTH ELF. It has covered that little tree down there!

SIXTH ELF. And still it is coming — coming!

ELVES. Stop! Stop! Stop, little mill! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

[*The mill grinds on.*]

ELF KING. Alas! Alas! It will not stop! It will grind on forever!

ELVES. Oh, what shall we do! What shall we do!

FIRST FAIRY. We will float in the clouds above and try to stop the porridge.

[*The Fairies fly to the clouds and call down.*]

FAIRIES. Thank you, little mill! Our company will eat no more! So thank you, thank you, thank you! Our company will eat no more — no more! So thank you, thank you, thank you!

SECOND FAIRY. Why, where are the elves? Where are the trees? I see nothing but porridge!

THIRD FAIRY. There is nothing but porridge to be seen! It covers the land! It covers the trees! It covers the king and his poor little elves!

FIRST FAIRY. Oh, if they had only asked in company!

OTHER FAIRIES. If they had only asked in company!

THE TORN DRESSES

SCENE I

TIME: *a long time ago; one afternoon.*

PLACE: *Kentucky; a forest on a river. Across the river is the Boonesborough Fort.*

JEMIMA BOONE. BETSEY CALLOWAY.
FRANCES CALLOWAY. FIRST INDIAN.
SECOND INDIAN.

[JEMIMA, FRANCES, *and* BETSEY *are picking berries.*]

JEMIMA. I think we should go back now.

BETSEY. Just wait till I get my bucket full!

FRANCES. But see how far we are from the fort! And we have to cross the river!

JEMIMA. And what if Indians should come!

FRANCES. And should take us far away from here!

BETSEY. I 'll go in just five minutes!

JEMIMA. If Indians get me, I'll leave some mark. Then father could easily follow.

FRANCES. I would break off twigs and throw them down.

BETSEY. The Indians would stop that very soon.

JEMIMA. We could tear our dresses on bushes and vines. They could not stop that, Betsey.

FRANCES. That is just the thing to do!

BETSEY. The very thing, Jemima!

JEMIMA. Our fathers would find the torn pieces at once.

FRANCES. And would know which way to follow!

BETSEY. There now! My bucket is full!

FRANCES. Then let's go to the boat. Come, come!

[*They go to the river bank.*]

JEMIMA. Why, where is our boat?

FRANCES. It is gone! Look! Look! It is gone!

BETSEY. Dear me! Dear me!

JEMIMA. Perhaps it has floated away!

FRANCES. No — I tied it well.

BETSEY. Dear me! Dear me!

JEMIMA. Perhaps the wind blew it away!

FRANCES. There has been no wind to-day.

BETSEY. Dear me! Dear me!

JEMIMA. Can Indians have cut the rope?

BETSEY. Indians! Dear me! Dear me!

FRANCES. We must call for help. They may hear us at the fort.

[*Enter two* INDIANS.]

GIRLS (*shouting*). Indians! Help! Help! Help!

[*The Indians seize the Girls.*]

FIRST INDIAN. No call white man!

SECOND INDIAN. No call! No call!

BOTH INDIANS. Come! Come!

[*They go, dragging the Girls with them.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *three hours later.*

PLACE: *another part of the forest.*

THE GIRLS.	DANIEL BOONE.
THE INDIANS.	MR. CALLOWAY.

"TOO NEAR BUSHES! COME OUT! COME OUT!"

[*The* INDIANS *hurry the* GIRLS *along.*]

FIRST INDIAN. Come! Faster! Faster!

FRANCES. I cannot. I am tired.

FIRST INDIAN. Rest to-night. Come!

SECOND INDIAN (*to Betsey*). Dress — torn!

BETSEY. Dear me! Dear me! That is too bad!

FIRST INDIAN (*to Frances and Jemima*). Dress — torn! Dress — torn!

FRANCES. Dear me! The thorns are very bad here.

JEMIMA. Yes, very, very bad!

SECOND INDIAN. Too near bushes! Come out! Come out!

FIRST INDIAN. I take them on. You cover tracks.

[*The First Indian goes with the Girls. The Second Indian covers all tracks. Then he goes. Soon* DANIEL BOONE *and* MR. CALLOWAY *enter.*]

BOONE. I cannot find a footprint!

CALLOWAY. Nor I!

BOONE. I fear we are on the wrong track.

CALLOWAY. Yes, they must have gone

some other way. Let us turn to the south, Boone.

BOONE. Wait! I see something on that bush! Why, 't is a piece of Jemima's dress!

CALLOWAY. And here is a piece of Frances's dress! And here is a piece of Betsey's!

BOONE. It is a mark the girls have left!

CALLOWAY. A mark for us to follow!

BOONE. This is the way! Come! Come!

[*They go, running.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *night of same day.*
PLACE: *another part of the forest.*

THE GIRLS.	DANIEL BOONE.
THE INDIANS.	MR. CALLOWAY.

[*The* FIRST INDIAN *enters with the* GIRLS, *who are very tired.*]

FIRST INDIAN. Camp here! Sleep!

[*The Girls lie down. Soon the* SECOND INDIAN *enters.*]

SECOND INDIAN. Tracks all gone.

FIRST INDIAN. Then white man no come. Sleep.

[*They put down their guns and lie down. Soon they are asleep. Pause. The Girls sit up and whisper.*]

JEMIMA. They are asleep.

FRANCES. We must run away!

JEMIMA. Yes, yes! At once!

BETSEY. No, no! I am afraid!

FRANCES. Come, come, Betsey!

JEMIMA. Yes, yes! Come!

BETSEY. I am afraid — I am afraid!

FRANCES. Come, Betsey! It is our only chance to get away.

BETSEY. I am afraid to go! The Indians will follow us. I will not go! I will not go!

JEMIMA. Then we will never see our homes again! Come, Betsey, come!

[*Betsey weeps aloud. The Indians wake and jump to their feet. Enter* DANIEL BOONE *and* MR. CALLOWAY. *They raise their guns. The Indians run.*]

JEMIMA. Father!

BETSEY *and* FRANCES. Father! Father!

THE CHRISTMAS PITCHER

TIME: *just last Christmas.*
PLACE: *a palace.*

THE KING.	SANTA CLAUS.
THE QUEEN.	HIS PAGES.
THE PRINCESS.	LADIES.
HER NURSE.	LORDS.

THE POOR, THE OLD, AND THE SICK.

[*A beautiful room is seen with a Christmas tree in the centre. Sleigh bells ring. Enter the* KING, *running.*]

KING. Come, Queen! Come, court! 'T is Santa's bells! 'T is Santa's bells!

[*Enter the* QUEEN. *Enter many little* LORDS *and* LADIES. *The sleigh bells are heard again.*]

QUEEN. 'T is Santa Claus!

LORDS *and* LADIES. 'T is Santa Claus!

QUEEN. I am glad the Princess is asleep. She must not see Santa.

[*The bells ring again. Enter* SANTA CLAUS *and his twelve little* PAGES. *They carry a box.*

ALL. Merry Christmas, Santa!

SANTA. Merry Christmas, King and Queen! Merry Christmas, lords and ladies!

KING. We waited up to see the gifts you bring to the Princess.

QUEEN. You bring her such pretty things every year!

LADIES. Oh, such pretty things!

LORDS. Oh, such pretty, pretty things!

SANTA. Bring up the box, my pages.

(*The Pages bring the box. Santa takes from it a common white water pitcher.*)

Here is the Princess's Christmas gift.

ALL. That!

SANTA. This.

QUEEN. But it is only a pitcher!

SANTA. True, it is only a pitcher.

KING. But, Santa, dear, she will not like that!

SANTA. I will leave her only this pitcher.

QUEEN. She wanted a little coach of gold. She wrote you all about it.

SANTA. I know. She wanted to visit fairy land. She wanted the coach to ride in.

LADIES. She wanted to visit fairy land!

LORDS. She wanted the coach to ride in!

SANTA. I will leave her only this pitcher, I say. I will leave her only this pitcher. Come, pages! We must hurry! Come!

[*Santa and his Pages go.*]

QUEEN. I cannot understand it!

KING. Nor I!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Nor I! Nor I!

[*A* NURSE *enters, running.*]

NURSE. The Princess is up, dear King and Queen! She heard the bells! She would get up! And here she comes now, running!

[*Enter the little* PRINCESS.]

ALL. Merry Christmas, Princess dear!

PRINCESS. Merry Christmas, every one! I heard the bells! I came to wait for Santa!

KING. Santa has just gone, my dear.

PRINCESS. Oh, I wish that I had seen him! Where are my presents? Please tell me, quick! I can hardly wait to see them!

(*No one answers. Every one looks at the floor.*)

I know! You have hidden them all away! I think you want to surprise me.

ALL. No, no, Princess!

PRINCESS. There is nothing on the tree at all. Where are my presents, mother dear? Where are my presents, father?

QUEEN. There is your gift from Santa, dear. There — upon that table.

PRINCESS. I see nothing but a pitcher there.

KING. That is all he gave you.

PRINCESS. That!

LORDS *and* LADIES. That.

PRINCESS. Why, that cannot be a Christmas gift!

QUEEN. It is all Santa left you.

PRINCESS. But where is my little coach of gold? I wrote him all about it.

KING. The pitcher is all he left you.

PRINCESS (*weeping*). I cannot go to fairy land! I can never see that beautiful place!

KING *and* QUEEN (*weeping*). It is too bad!

LORDS *and* LADIES (*weeping*). It is very sad!

[*Enter thirteen* BEGGARS.]

BEGGARS. Merry Christmas, King and Queen! Merry Christmas, ladies and lords! Merry Christmas, Princess!

THE OTHERS. Merry Christmas, beggars!

FIRST BEGGAR. Will the Princess give us some of her gifts?

KING. The Princess never gives her gifts away!

QUEEN. She never gives gifts to beggars!

KING. So away with you! Away! Away!

LORDS *and* LADIES. Away! Away!

PRINCESS. No, no! Do not drive the beggars away! Stay, poor men! I have something for you! Please, ladies, bring out my last year's gifts. Please, lords, go quick and help them.

[*The Lords and Ladies go, running.*]

KING. Why, what is this?

QUEEN. Why do you give to beggars?

PRINCESS. Because I know now how beggars feel when they receive no Christmas gifts.

SECOND BEGGAR. Did you receive nothing then at all?

PRINCESS. Only that common white pitcher there.

THIRD BEGGAR. And has it no milk in it?

PRINCESS (*looking into the pitcher*). Yes, there is enough for just one drink. That poor old man may have it.

FIRST BEGGAR. Thank you, Princess, thank you!

(*He drinks the milk.*)

Why, here is enough for another drink!

[*He gives the pitcher to the Second Beggar, who drinks.*]

PRINCESS. I cannot understand it!

KING *and* QUEEN. Nor I! Nor I!

SECOND BEGGAR. Why, here is enough for another!

[*He gives the pitcher to the Third Beggar, who drinks.*]

PRINCESS. I cannot understand it!

KING *and* QUEEN. Nor I! Nor I!

THIRD BEGGAR. There is still plenty more.

[*The Beggars drink from the pitcher in turn.*]

PRINCESS. I cannot understand it!

KING *and* QUEEN. Nor I! Nor I!

LAST BEGGAR. The pitcher is still half full of milk.

PRINCESS. Why then, I 'll call in the poor, and the old, and the sick!

(*She opens the street door and calls.*)

Come, poor! Come, old! Come, sick! There is something here for every one!

FIRST BEGGAR. And now, dear Princess, you shall have your real Christmas present! You may now go to fairy land! But you will not need a coach of gold. Your fairy land is here! And your good heart has brought it! Look into the pitcher, Princess! Look!

BEGGARS. Look! Look!

[*As the Princess looks into the pitcher, the thirteen Beggars throw off their cloaks, and Santa Claus and his twelve Pages are seen.*]

PRINCESS. Why, 'tis fairy land! 'Tis fairy land! How beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!

SANTA. And you shall see it every day, for your good heart has brought it.

PAGES. Yes! Your good heart has brought it.

[*The Princess looks again into the pitcher, laughing with joy. The* OLD, *the* POOR, *and the* SICK *enter from the street. The* LORDS *and* LADIES *enter with gifts, which they give to them, Santa and his Pages helping.*]

THE RETURN OF THE SPRING

SCENE I

TIME: *many, many springs ago.*
PLACE: *a town on a river.*

THE PIPER.

THE MAYOR.	FIRST WOMAN.
THE FARMER.	SECOND WOMAN.
THE TAILOR.	FIRST BOY.
THE BAKER.	SECOND BOY.
THE BUTCHER.	FIRST GIRL.
THE COOK.	SECOND GIRL.

WOMEN, MEN, CHILDREN.

[*The* MAYOR, *and the* PEOPLE *with their* CHILDREN *stand in the market place. They look toward the river. The sound of a flute is heard faintly far off.*]

MAYOR. Look! The rats follow the Piper!

PEOPLE. They follow him! They follow him!

TAILOR. They seem to come from everywhere!

BAKER. There are thousands and thousands of them!

PEOPLE. Thousands and thousands!

BUTCHER. They seem to like the music he plays!

COOK. 'T is his music that makes them follow!

FIRST WOMAN. I hope they will follow him into the sea!

MAYOR. The Piper promised he would lead them there.

ALL. Yes! He promised! He promised!

FARMER. They ate my corn! They ate my wheat!

BAKER. They ate my bread! They ate my dough! They ate my cakes and crackers!

BUTCHER. They ate my meat! They ate my lard!

COOK. They ate everything I cooked!

TAILOR. They ate the cloth as I sewed it!

FIRST BOY. Look! Look! The Piper walks into the sea!

SECOND BOY. And all the rats still follow!

PEOPLE. Look! They follow!

FIRST GIRL. Not a rat is left on land!

SECOND GIRL. See! The Piper comes back to us!

PEOPLE (*shouting and waving*). Well done, Piper! Well done! Well done!

[*Enter the* PIPER.]

PIPER. Well, I have done what I said I would. Your rats are now in the water.

MAYOR. I thank you, Piper. And now good day! I find that I must go, sir.

PIPER. You promised to pay me for my work.

MAYOR. You did not have to work very hard. I think I will not pay you.

PIPER. But, sir, piping is my business.

MAYOR. I will not pay you. Good day!

[*He goes.*]

FARMER. The Mayor was right. You did not work hard. So I will not pay you a penny!

TAILOR. And I 'll not pay!

OTHERS. Nor I! Nor I!

PIPER. You have not kept your word with me! These children should not live with

you! Children should live where a promise is kept.

PEOPLE. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

COOK. Go back over the mountain, Piper!

PEOPLE. Go! Go! Go!

PIPER. Yes, yes, I 'll go! But I do not mean to go alone! I will take your children with me!

PEOPLE. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PIPER. When your children are gone, your flowers will die. So will your trees and grasses.

PEOPLE. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PIPER. Spring will come to you no more! There can be no spring where no children live!

PEOPLE. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PIPER. And now I 'll play my pipe again. I 'll play as I go to the mountain.

[*He starts away, playing. The Children follow him.*]

BAKER. Look! The children follow him!

WOMEN. Children! Come back! Come back! Do not follow the Piper!

[*The Children still follow the Piper, dancing and laughing.*]

MEN. Children! Children! Come back! Come back!

[*The Children still follow the Piper and his music.*]

WOMEN. Stop them, men! Stop them!

BUTCHER. I cannot move hand or foot!

MEN. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

A WOMAN. I cannot move!

WOMEN. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

ALL. Children! Children! Come back! Come back!

SECOND WOMAN. Look! He leads them to the mountain!

COOK. The mountain opens! Do you see? It opens! It opens!

TAILOR. And now the Piper walks in! He walks into the mountain!

BAKER. The Children follow him in! Do you see? They follow him in! They follow him in!

ALL. Alas! Alas! Alas! They follow him into the mountain!

SCENE II

TIME: *one year later.*
PLACE: *at the foot of the mountain.*

THE PIPER.	DOVES.
THE MAYOR.	WRENS.
CHILDREN.	WHIP-POOR-WILLS.
PEOPLE.	BOB-O'LINKS.

[*The* PEOPLE *enter from all sides. They are very sad. The* MAYOR *enters alone. The People turn to him.*]

WOMEN. We want our children! Our dear children!

MEN. Our children! Our children!

MAYOR. What can I do? You come here every day and weep.

TAILOR. But the mountain does not open.

MAYOR. I cannot make it open, sir.

PEOPLE. Alas! Our children! Our dear children!

FARMER. The grass did not come up this year. No corn, no wheat, grows in my fields.

FIRST WOMAN. There is not a leaf on any tree!

SECOND WOMAN. There is not a flower! There is not a bud!

FARMER. There is nothing growing in the land!

PEOPLE. Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

BAKER. The Piper said it would be so!

PEOPLE. Yes! He said so! He said so!

MAYOR. Let us ask him again to bring the spring!

FIRST WOMAN. No! Let us ask him again for our children!

PEOPLE. Yes! Yes!

(*They hold out their arms to the mountain.*)

Our children, Piper! Our children!

(*Pause.*)

Our children, Piper! Our children!

[*Pause. They turn away from the mountain and weep.*]

MAYOR. We must show the Piper that we can keep our word. We must pay him as we promised. Will you all give up your silver and gold?

PEOPLE. Yes! Yes!

MAYOR. Then come with your silver! Come with your gold! Come, throw it at the foot of the mountain!

[*All throw their silver and gold at the foot of the mountain. At once the mountain opens.*]

ALL. It opens! It opens!

[*Many spring* BIRDS *fly from the opening.*]

DOVES. Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Spring! Spring!

WRENS. Te-wee! Te-wee! Spring! Spring!

WHIP-POOR-WILLS. Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Spring! Spring!

BOB-O'LINKS. Bob-o'link! Bob-o'link! Spring! Spring!

[*The* PIPER *enters, playing and followed by the* CHILDREN, *who carry branches, flowers, and vines. They sing as they come.**

PEOPLE. Our children! Our children!

* Here the children may sing any of their spring songs.

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
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